

# Hide and Seek

A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY  
OF QUOTATIONS  
FOR COMPETITION

BY  
"FREEMANTLE"

ONE HUNDRED & FIFTEENTH YEAR

Price £2.25

2012

COUPON  
2012

Happy Christmas  
Many Thanks  
RA

## RULES

1. The answers with full references and with the Coupon attached, must be sent in by November 1st 2012 to:- MISS ASPINALL, THE FERRY HOUSE, LELANT, ST IVES, CORNWALL TR26 3DZ and the letters 'H & S' clearly written on the envelope.
2. By full reference is meant, author, title, volume, book, chapter, act, scene, etc. and verse or line, except in the case of very short poems. In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
3. The quotations are from English and American literature only. No author is quoted more than once.
4. Twenty marks will be given for any answers found by only one competitor and ten marks for any answers found by only two competitors.
5. If the Internet has been used, please write 'Net' after your answer. 5 marks will be awarded (if the Net has the right answer, of course!)
6. Unless otherwise informed, entries should be sent to Miss Aspinall by November 1st, 2012. They will be returned with the Answer Sheet, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

MISS ASPINALL, THE FERRY HOUSE, LELANT,  
ST IVES, CORNWALL TR26 3DZ.

For more copies of the present edition  
same address any time.

## JANUARY

1

I uncapped my telescope and let myself  
prowl for awhile across the milky ways, descending  
at length through the smooth branches of a lemon tree  
to one especially bright star which on closer inspection  
turned out to be a lamp blazing on my neighbours terrace

II

Cheerful is the hearth, soft the matted floor;  
Not one shivering gust creeps through the pane or door  
The little lamp burns straight, its rays shoot strong and far  
I trim it well to be the Wanderer's guiding star.

III

I think I noticed once  
— 'T'was morning — one sole street-lamp still bright -lit,  
Which, with a senile grin, like an old dunce,  
Vied the blue sky, and tried to rival it.

IV

With what radiant hope  
Men formed this many-branched electrolier  
Twisted the flex around the iron rope  
And let the dazzling vacuum globes hang clear,

V

A shaded lamp and waving blind,  
And the beat of a clock from a distant floor;  
On this scene enter — winged, horned and spined —  
A longlegs, a moth, and a dumbaldore.

VI

The village Curate, with lantern and maid  
Come through the gateway from the park  
And cross the courtyard damp and dark, —  
A ring of light in a ring of shade

## FEBRUARY

I

When anxious elders swarm about  
Crying "where are you going?", thou answerest "Out",  
Leaving thy parents swamped in debts  
For bubble gum and cigarettes

II

You need not giggle underneath your hat;  
Mine's no joke matter, let me tell you that;  
So keep ye quiet till my story's told,  
And don't despise your betters cause they're old

III

And the rebels and the young  
Have taken the train to town or the two-seater  
Unravelling rails or road,  
Losing the thread deliberately behind them-

IV

Lilia, wild with sport,  
Half child half woman as she was, had wound  
A scarf of orange round the stoney helm,  
And robbed the shoulders in a rosy silk,  
That made the old warrior from his ivied nook  
Glow like a sunbeam

V

They seem to find it a pleasing proposition,  
The girls are thinking how sweet they taste, like moon-cake  
Or crystallized pears from Peking,  
The boys were thinking how good they taste, like crispy noodles  
Or birds-nest soup

VI

They are fifteen or so. When I was thus,  
I huddled in school coats, my satchel hung  
Lop-sided on my shoulder. Without fuss  
These enter adolescence; being young.

## MARCH

I

may come home with a smooth round stone  
as small as a world and as large as alone.

II

He sits in the golden chair  
With the child he will call his own,  
But the beautiful child has expired,  
He nurses the sea-green stone

III

Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence...

IV

Years, after, in summer twilight,  
I stood there, before the dell, with you  
and the stone gleamed black with lamplit highlight,  
and then and there, at once I knew  
yes, what was true

V

The long-legged moor-hens dive,  
And hens to moor-cocks call;  
Minute by minute they live  
The stone's in the midst of all

VI

Or what will he take to line his bed?  
(Red rose leaves will never make wine)  
"Two black stones at the kirkwall's head"  
The ways are sair fra' the Till to the Tyne

## APRIL

I

That was indeed the Rain —  
It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools  
It warbled on the Road —  
It pulled the spigot from the Hills  
And let the Floods abroad

II

It stopped raining long ago  
But drops caught up in the bough  
Fall murderously on me now

III

Some of you may know, others perhaps can guess  
How it is to walk all night through summer rain  
(Thin rain that shrouds a beneficent full moon).  
To circle a mountain, then limp home again.

IV

At last

The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,  
And softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Perlusive drops, with all their moisture flow  
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.

V

The rain came down, and the broken stalks  
Were bent and tangled across the walks;  
And the leafless network of parasite bowers  
Massed into ruin; and all sweet flowers,

VI

and rain all round  
Resilient damm'd the whistling ground,  
Nor flagged in force from first to last,  
Till, sudden as it came, was past



## MAY

I

The wood's green heart is a nest of dreams  
The lush grass thickens and swings and sways,  
The rathe wheat rustles, the landscape gleams –  
Midsummer days! Midsummer days!

II

Wind blows and bleaches the strong grass,  
Blown all one way to shelter it  
From trample of strayed kine with feet  
Felt heavier than the moorhen was,  
Strayed up past patches of wild wheat.

III

No-one has ever teased her with pictures of flyless meadows,  
Where the grass is eternally green  
No matter how often the tongue bruises it,  
Or the dung soils it

IV

So hard was earth an eyewink back;  
But now the common life has come,  
The blotting cloud a dappled pack,  
The grasses one vast underhum.

V

On their grass patches where no winter rages  
Those dead grass patches seem their wooden stages  
Where evolutions of our days and nights  
Past by,–

VI

I cannot rub the strangeness from my sight  
I got from looking through a pane of glass  
I skimmed this morning from the drinking trough  
And held against the world of hoary grass  
It melted and I let it fall and break.



## JUNE

I

The flower is eyeless; the sight is compelled  
By small, course, sharp petals,  
Like metal shreds. Formed,  
They puncture, irregularly perforate  
Their yellow, brutal glare.

II

With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;  
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears.

III

Aske me why I send to you  
This Primrose, thus bepearl'd with dew?  
I will whisper to your eares'  
The sweets of Love are mixt with teares.

IV

The grass is grace. And the charlock  
Is gold of its own bounty.  
The broken chair by the wall  
Is one with immortal landscapes.

V

Be still, daffodill!  
And wave me not so bravely,  
Your gay gold lily daunts me and deceives,  
Who follows gleams more golden and more slim

VI

The lenten lilies through the frost that push,  
Their yellow heads withhold;  
The woodland willow stands a lonely bush  
Of nebulous gold;

## JULY

I

And there the wasps, that lodge them ill-concealed'  
In the vole's empty house, still drove afield  
To plunder touchwood from old crippled trees  
And build their young ones their hatched nurseries

II

For, had I killed my foe,  
It had proved me at once  
The stronger wasp, and no  
More difference.

III

In the blue pharmacy the pharmacist  
had hung an empty wasps' nest from a shelf;  
small, exquisite, clean matte white,  
and hard as stucco,

IV

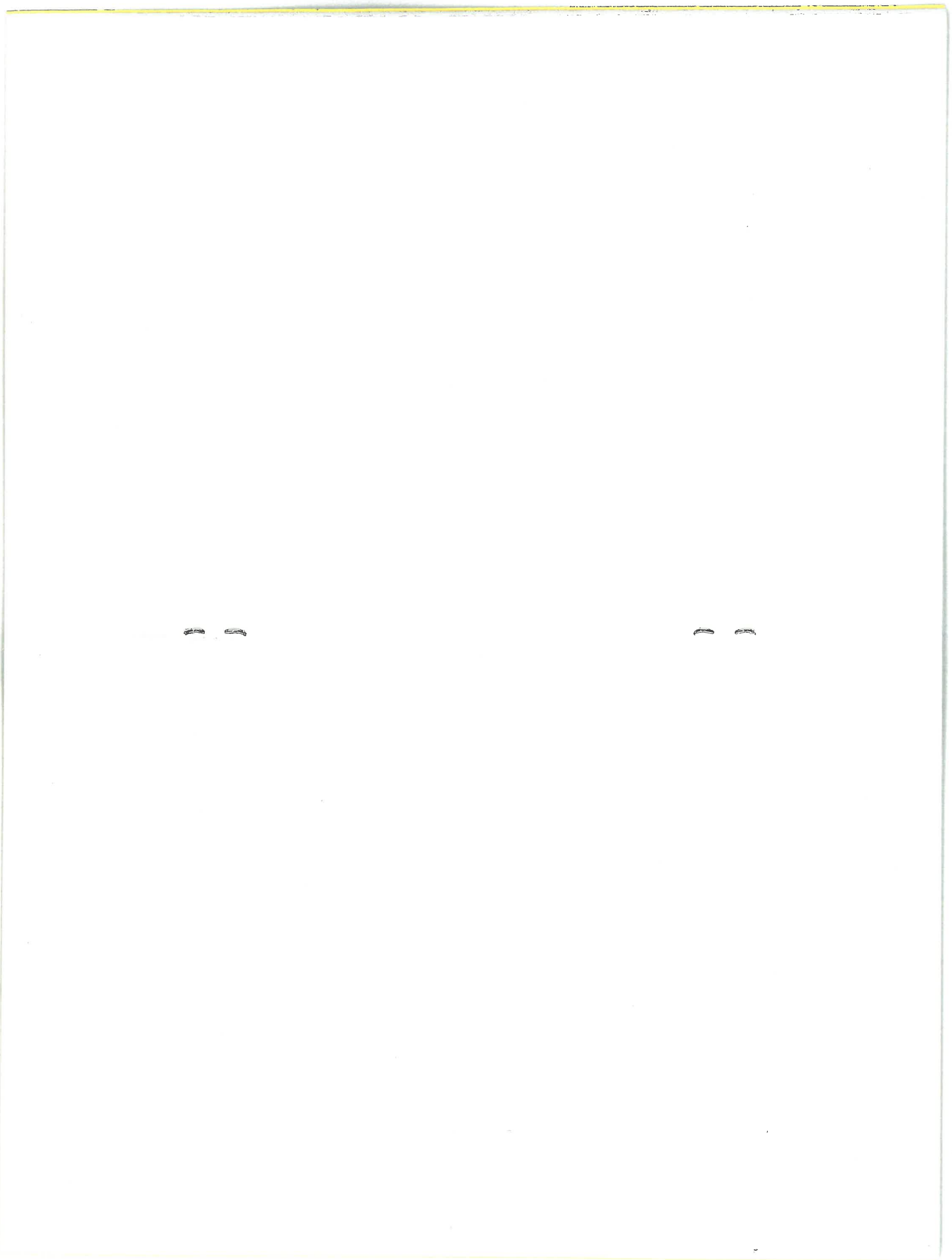
I saw a pettish wasp  
Fall fowle therein;  
Whom yet thy whorle pins did not clasp  
Lest he should fling  
His sting.

V

But how piercingly my charmer  
Yells! Above her fiercest gasps  
I hear among the furze the murmur  
Of innumerable wasps

VI

Far out of reach  
Of the road's dust  
And the dusty thought  
Of passer's by, though each  
Stops, and turns, and must  
Look down at it like a wasp at the muslined peach



## AUGUST

I

And there (they trust) there swimmeth One  
Who swam ere rivers were begun,  
Immense, of fleshy form and mind,  
Squamous, omnipotent, and kind;  
And under that Almighty Fin,  
The littlest fish may enter in.

II

To whom the scaly nation yields  
Homeage for the crystal fields  
Wherein they dwell;

III

Sing and strike his heavy haul  
Toppling up the boatside in a snow of light  
His decks are drenched with miracles,  
Oh miracles of fishes

IV

Over the gunwale over into our deep lap  
The herring come in, staring from their scales,  
Fruitful as our deserts would have it out of  
The deep and shifting seams of water

V

Three scattered little trout, as black as Tadpoles,  
Came wagging slowly along the glass-dark lake,  
And I swung my arm to drop my pointing worm in  
And then I stopped again with a little shake.

VI

How boats can over bridges sail;  
And fishes do the stables scale.  
How *Salmons* trespassing are found,  
And pikes are taken in the Pound.

## SEPTEMBER

I

Yet, troubling not for time nor rest,  
The courting rooks be flying thick,  
And not a beak w'out a stick  
And not an elm w'out a nest.

II

Some minutes since, two rooks had toiled  
Home to the nests that crowned  
Ancestral ash-trees. Through the glare  
Beating again, they seem to tear  
With that thick caw the woof o' the air

III

Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks  
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs  
In early Spring his airy city builds,  
And ceaseless caws amusive;

IV

Of whatever angel may choose to flare  
Suddenly at my elbow. I only know that a rook  
Ordering its black feathers can so shine  
As he seize my senses

V

The late last rook is housed and will  
With cronies lie till morrow;  
If there's a rook loquacious still  
In dream he hunts a furrow  
And flaps behind a spectre team,  
Or ghostly scarecrows walk his dream

VI

With our hearts on fire and our eager faces,  
Still hasting along with the hasting hours;  
O rooks, I pray you, come, tell me true;  
Was it better the old? Is it better the new?

## OCTOBER

I

Hoary time is a beginner, Life a bunglar, Death a dunce.

But I will not fear to match them – no by God I will not fear,  
I will learn you, I will play you and the stars stand still to hear.

II

As ocean-flyer clings  
To height, to the last drop of spirit driving on  
While yet ahead is land to be won  
And work for wings.

III

Is it e'en so? then I defy you, stars!

IV

Though each dark and rustling byway  
Evil things have fled before us;  
We pursue them;  
We have carved an open highway,  
We have sung of Truth in chorus  
As we slew them

V

O Queen of air and darkness,  
I think 'tis truth you say,  
And I shall die to-morrow  
But you will die today.

VI

Did we think victory great?  
So it is-But now it seems to me, when it can not be helped,  
that defeat is great,  
And that death and dismay are great

## NOVEMBER

I

Moon, moon, cold mouth over the pinetrees  
Or are you hunting me, or I perusing?

II

.....fly! for Heaven's sake-not a word-  
The door is open--you may yet slip through  
The passage you so often have explored-  
Here is the garden key--Fly--fly--Adieu!

III

At that I leaped and screamed and ran,  
I heard, their cries go 'Catch him, man'.  
'Who was it?' 'Down him,' 'Out him, Ern,'  
'Duck him at pump, we'll see who'll burn.'

IV

Defeated and deserted--under ban--  
Chased like a tiger by the hate of man;  
By day through lonely wilds he urged his flight,  
And couched beneath Heaven's canopy at night.

V

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?  
What mad pursuit? What struggles to escape?  
What pipes and tinbrels? What wild ecstasy!

VI

He heard the deep-mouthe'd blood hound bark,  
He heard the horses neigh.  
He plunged him in the cavern dark,  
And downward sped his way



## DECEMBER

I

But happy now, though no nearer each other,  
We see the farms lighted all along the valley;  
Down at the mill-shed the hammering stops  
And men go home

II

From township to township, o'er down and by tillage,  
Far far have we wonder'd and long was the day;  
But now cometh eve at the end of the Village,  
Where over the grey wall the church riseth grey.

III

Till, with the dark, the shallows run,  
And homeward surges tide and fret--  
The slow night trawls his heavy net  
And hauls the clerk to Surbiton.

IV

Sun-steeped in fire, the homeward pinons sway  
Above the dovecoat-tops;  
And clouds of starlings, ere they rest with day,  
Sink, clamorous like mill-waters, at wild play.

V

But the sea-fowl has gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair,  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.

VI

Whether remembered or dreamed, read of or told  
So it has dwelt with me, so shall it dwell with me  
ever;  
The brave ship coming home like a lamb to the  
fold,  
Home with the tide into the mighty river

## ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2011

### JANUARY 'Waking'

- I. Laurence Durrell
- II. Tennyson. *The Day Dream the Revival*, lines 20-24
- III. Addison. *The De Coverley Papers*. Number 112  
*Sir Roger at Church*
- IV. Dylan Thomas. *Fern Hill Stanza*, lines 28-32
- V. Thackeray – *Notes on Weeks Holiday Carillon*
- VI. Phillip Larkin. *Midsummer Waking*, lines 4-8

### FEBRUARY 'Silence'

- I. Edgar Alan Poe. *Sonnet Silence*
- II. Hood. *Sonnet Silence*
- III. Edith Sitwell. *Colonel Frantock*
- IV. R L Stevenson. *The Woodman XXXVIII*
- V. G M Hopkins. *The Habit of Perfection*
- VI. E B Browning. *Sonnet lines 10-14*

### MARCH 'Wind'

- I. Don Marquis. *Mithitabel Dances with Boreas*, verse 14
- II. Elizabeth Jennings. *The Storm*, verse 2 line 1-6
- III. N McCaig. *Wind in the City*, verse 3 lines 1-4
- IV. W H Davies. *The Wind*, lines 19-22
- V. Matthew Arnold. *Parting*, verse 4 lines 1-4
- VI. Kingsley Amis. *Ode to the East Wind*, verse 2 lines 5-8

### APRIL 'Dreams'

- I. Bryon. *The Dreamer*, 1 lines 5-9
- II. W H Auden. *Twelve Songs X*, last verse Johnny
- III. Malory. *Morte d'Arthur*, book 5 chapter 4
- IV. Wallis Stevens. *Disillusionment of Ten O'Clock*, lines 10-14
- V. Keats. *The Eve of St Agnes*, verse XXII lines 3-6
- VI. Ben Jonson. *The Vision of Delight*

## ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2011

### MAY 'Folly'

- I. A E Housman. *A Shropshire Lad*, XL1X verse 7 lines 3-6
- II. Theodore Roethke. *My Papa's Waltz*, verse 2
- III. Henry Vaughan. *A Rhapsody*, lines 71-75
- IV. Herrick. *A Lyrick to Mirth*, lines 3-8
- V. Hilaire Belloc. *Tarantella*, lines 16-21
- VI. Ogden Nash. *Home 99 Percent Sweet Home*, verse 4 lines 6-9

### JUNE 'Snakes'

- I. Ruth Pitter. *The Viper*, verse 2 lines 1-5
- II. Edmond Waller. *To a Fair Lady Playing with a Snake*, verse 4 line 1-5
- III. Shelley. *Wake the Serpent Not*, lines 5-9
- IV. Emily Dickinson. *A Narrow Fellow in the Grass*, verse 3 line 3-8
- V. William Plomer. *The Murder on the Downs*, verse 11
- VI. Christina Rossetti. *Eve*, lines 67-70

### JULY 'Sun'

- I. John Updyke. *Rainbow*, verse I lines 4-8
- II. Lois MacNeice. *Morning Sun*, line 4-8
- III. R S Thomas. *Mother and Son*, line 2-5
- IV. James Thomson. *The Seasons Summer*, lines 32-36
- V. Longfellow. *A Day of Sunshine*, verse 4
- VI. John Dunne. *An Epilhalamion, or Marriage Song*, verse V line 1-4

### AUGUST 'Swimming'

- I. John Masefield. *Biography*, verse 14 lines 1-7
- II. Blackmore. *Lorna Doone*, chapter vii
- III. Christopher Marlow. *Hero and Leander*, 6th Sestrade
- IV. James Leigh Hunt. *The Nymphs*
- V. John Freeman. *Moon-bathers*, lines 4-8
- VI. James Elroy Flecker. *Hyal*

## ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2011

### SEPTEMBER 'Departure'

- I. C Day Lewis. *Departure*, verse 3 lines 4-8
- II. C S Calverley. *From Dover to Munich*, verse 5
- III. Stephen Spender. *Farewell to my Student*, last 5 lines
- IV. Thomas Hardy. *At the Word Farewell*, verse 1 lines 2-6
- V. Coventry Patmore. *The Victories of Love*. From *Frederick* verse IV
- VI. Michael Hamburger. *The Jackdaws*, verse 1 line 2-6

### OCTOBER 'Chairs'

- I. Robert Graves. *Conversation Piece*, verse 1 lines 2-6
- II. Kipling's *Diary*. Thursday the 21st July 1870
- III. Jon Silkin. IV. *The Chair*, lines 1-6
- IV. Wordsworth. *These Chairs...* etc. VI lines 1-5
- V. William Morris. *The Wind*, verse 2 lines 4-6
- VI. Cooper. *The Task*. *The Sofa*, verse 4 lines 6-10

### NOVEMBER 'Woods'

- I. Bridges. *Elergy*, verse 1
- II. Kipling. *The Way Through the Woods*, verse 1 lines 5-9
- III. George Meredith. *Melampus*, verse 4 lines 3-7
- IV. Yeats. *The Ragged Wood*, verse 3 lines 1-4
- V. Siegfried Sassoon. *Wind in the Beechwood*, verse 1 lines 5-8
- VI. John Betjeman. *Trebetherick*, verse 2 lines 7-10

### DECEMBER 'Time'

- I. Landor. *The Last Fruit of the Old Tree*, 11 verse 1 line 1-6
- II. T S Eliot. *The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock*, verse 4 line 9-12
- III. Elizabeth Bishop. *The Shampoo*, verse 2
- IV. W de la Mare. *The Tryst*, lines 17-20
- V. W J Turner. *In Time Like Glass*, last verse
- VI. Shakespeare. *Titulus & Cressida*, act III scene III

## MARKS LIST 2011

### FIRST PRIZE TIED BETWEEN

Alison Sheehan Hunt & Judith Neal.....700

### SECOND PRIZE

S A Osborn and family.....695

### THIRD PRIZE

Ann Polhill.....665

June Walker.....645

Hilary Adams.....630

J A Taylor .....610

Mrs P J Pearce.....510

Kenneth Thornton.....475

Florence Yarwood .....435

Meryl Foster.....420

Tom Durham.....415

Jenny Smallman.....400

Olga Easy.....220

## NOTES

Considering the grievous closure of libraries all over the place, and lack of poetry shelves in those that are still open, you all did very well. All the quotations were found by more than two of you, even the difficult ones. Those proved to be Laurence Durrell *Waking* (January 1st). *Landor's Time* (December 1st) *Kilvert's Diary* (October 11).

*The Chair* which the latter describes so vividly, was irresistible as I have seen it for myself. It is a flat rock, perched among the others which forms St Michael's Mount, and it is about 100 foot above the harbour and the sea. I don't know if anyone has attempted to climb along and sit on it lately. Not if they have any sense. It is terrifying to even look down.

I am sorry to say that this *Hide and Seek* is, as Landor had it, "The Last Fruit of the Old Tree". I have set *H&S* for forty five years and I am due to be 90 in May of next year.

Started by my Great Aunt, the competition has been in the family for 115 years, but unfortunately the next generation have no interest in poetry. So, goodbye Aspinalls.

I would, though, be delighted if anyone would like to take it over from me. So, please, a rush of eager volunteers!

Happy New Year! Good luck with my Last Fruit

**FREEMANTLE alias Ruth Aspinall**

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